

UPSTAIRS BULLETIN

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An Educational Group

This issue of the Bulletin ends Volume 9 and with the next one the Bulletin goes into its 10th year. Many people have expressed their interest in receiving it and their praise for its contents. These are mostly friends and former pupils from afar. Parents are more apt to read it - the students less apt. The number of subscriptions is still insignificant and at times I wonder if I am just talking to myself or whistling in the wind. Former students become more and more uncommunicative and do not write in their news. I realize that often this is because they are not setting the world on fire and can not write about their great successes. I have lived long enough to realize that those 'highs' are few and far between in a lifetime. We can also be interested in hearing about the vicissitudes of their daily lives. I now believe that the most interesting part of our own lives was the depression years. Life was a struggle then, we did not eat much, we couldn't afford clothes by Cardin or Pucci, we did not go to the theatre or the movies very much, but we did create our own entertainment and we created new dances and ballets. This we did on a shoe string, without shoes and especially designed wardrobe. I even rented clothes at the White Elephant to put on a performance. It seems to us that in the last few years many of our students are becoming more adventurous in their professions. This is very necessary for any success at all. After the present season of the Stuttgart Ballet JOHN NEUMEIER will be heading the Frankfurt Ballet and it is sure to be no small task for him even with his great talent for choreography. DOLORES LIPINSKI and her husband LARRY LONG enter a new phase of their careers with the Washington Ballet. Dancing a different repertoire and working under other choreographers is always a challenge to any artist. We feel confident that they will do well. We hear that RANDI SCHULTZ has

been taken into Eliot Feld's company to be known as the American Ballet Company. This, for Randi is an excellent opportunity to prove herself. The non-committal and mysterious CHARLES SCHICK turns up working for SONIA AROVA in Oslo Norway. That rounds out the SC dancers who had been at Lyric and were driven to other fields because of Carol Fox's drastic cutting of salaries. The Boston Ballet were willing to work for half the salary paid to the Chicago dancers. NAOMI SORKIN was married in New York on Mr. Stone's birthday - August 31st - to a painter - she will continue to dance with the American Ballet Theatre. FRUMETH HIRSH SIEGEL is expecting and her husband has accepted a teaching assignment in Marquette Michigan. We will miss her musical laughter around the school. LAURA CHAMBERLIN is recuperating from a fairly serious automobile accident. While on our European trip we ran into ALAN STONE in Cortina Italy of all places. In the Hotel Bretagne in Athens we had a wonderful visit with Mr. and Mrs. SAM LESNER whom we rarely see in Chicago since their daughters have grown up. Both daughters are school teachers now and we see them now and then. Once on the Island of Rhodes and again in the airport in Athens we met CARLO MANALLI - one of our fallen-away pupils who now works in a Hospital in New York. We had a wonderful five day visit with TERESA RUDOLPH and her Mother in Garmisch Germany. Teresa has without doubt the most unique position in the entire world - she directs and produces the Ice shows for the Army Recreational Area there. Skaters trained under her guidance have access to the ice shows all over the world. DIETER CURT, one of her proteges was back with her and made it possible for her to drive us around and really see that gorgeous area. We enjoyed her beautiful show which is entirely costumed by her talented Mother. Rehearsals began early in September for our

Milwaukee engagement with replacements complicating things. New out-of-towners - this includes KAREN TIMS of Greenville South Carolina, KATHRYN JOHNSON of Temple Terrace Florida, JEANNE SUGGS of Chattanooga Tennessee, LYNNE BILLERBECK of Rockford Illinois, and MARGO JENNINGS of Scottsdale Arizona.

THERE IS A CERTAIN RELIEF in change, even though it be from bad to worse; as I have found in traveling in a stage coach, that it is often a comfort to shift one's position and be bounced in a new place.

- Washington Irving.

It is incredible how many experiences and impressions one can crowd in a short time. We are apt to do this on a vacation when we are supposedly having a rest. To Mr. Stone and myself a vacation means no stairs, and yet this year we climbed more stairs than those 48 stairs at 185 multiplied by ten thousand.

We traveled in und aus five countries - Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece and Turkey. Struggled with the changing languages and monies to order food, and worst of all trying to get an extra pot of coffee each morning. We traveled by air (Pan-Am, Air France, Alitalia and TWA), buses, taxi, trains, passed up an opportunity to go by donkey and finally the delightful cruise on the Jason thru the Greek Islands. We were avid sight-seers, visiting ruins, churches, mosques and museums housing the riches of centuries in the art and historical world. How much can one absorb? How much easier it all would have been to go as a student when all the history and mythology is fresh in the mind. Unfortunately life does not let us do this when we are young. The world travelers are mostly older people eagerly hunting all that they have missed in their lives while they can still climb all those hundreds of stairs under a boiling hot sun. It is wonderful that they can see and enjoy all this richness in the arts before they are chair-ridden; possibly they enjoy and appreciate it more than would the young.

I hope to have recorded much of the trip with my trusty Argus and will share it with our friends on October 5th in the studio. This was not exactly a "flower year" with the exception of

Garmisch. Most places we visited had almost a drought and fields and lawns were burnt to a crisp. Not that I did not find some flowers but this was a people year for the camera. Crowds and crowds of them everywhere and they are not my favorite subjects. In St. Mark's Square it was difficult to say which outnumbered - the other, people or pigeons. No wonder the city is sinking into the sea. In some museums, for a fee, one could carry a camera and take pictures. I enjoyed this especially in the National Museum in Athens with its Cycladic and Mycenaean treasures, and although the archaic, classical and Hellenistic periods of Greek are well represented in the large museums of Rome, Paris, London, Berlin and Munich they are nowhere displayed in such abundance as in the Museum in Athens. With my camera I also attempted to bring back some of the character of each city by pictures of its buildings, homes, streets, historical places, landscapes and plant life.

In traveling one becomes acutely aware of the differences in human natures. Going from one nationality to another in a short space of time one becomes even more conscious of the different temperaments. Someone will argue these points, I'm sure, but I find the Germans a nature loving race, evident by their kindness to all animals and birds, their devotion to the landscaping of flowers and trees. They are industrious, efficient, orderly and their cleanliness is a beautiful thing. Almost the moment one passes the border into Austria there is a change in the discipline of life. Not quite so orderly, more casual, not so much for outward appearance but exceedingly warm and friendly. Speaking the German language there are similarities in their natures but the difference is mostly in the relaxation of daily discipline. The Italians are totally unaware of anyone but themselves. Our first advice from a guide was that we had to "push like an Italian", and push you must or get snowed under. They seem to be completely money mad, sometimes sly, more often obvious in attempting to bleed your purse. Lunch in an Italian cafe is like eating in the middle of a football game. The Greeks are quite another thing, essentially a simple people and unpretentious but with a

facility for crowding joy and laughter into their humble lives. They too, are industrious and frugal, necessity made them so because of having to eek out a living on those sunburnt hills. Basically every Greek is an art lover with an in-grown appreciation for the past. The two guides we had in Turkey were well educated in art history and religion and were extremely witty as well. The impression they gave as Turks was not the impression one got of the Istambulians. The poverty in which a great percentage of their population live, the filth and crudeness of their behavior on the streets is what I imagine the middle ages was like. Basically very lazy except when it comes to merchandizing. They are pushy-pulley, irritating, sly and crafty. This reminded me of a gigantic Maxwell street in Chicago with every conceivable ware for sale.

Everyone is familiar with the genius of Michaelangelo, but to actually see his nasterpieces, to visit Arezzo, the town of his birth, to enter the ancient Franciscan church where he went as a child, then to follow him to Florence where so much of his life was spent, brings one closer to the man behind all this genius. The two Pietas, the early one in St. Peter's done when he was 23 years old and the unfinished one in the Basilica of Santa Maria Del Fiore in Florence, along with the David, have no peer in the art world. His life is one great fascination in that it reflects the diverse activities which occupied the great rebirth of intellectual and artistic interests in the high renaissance. He is probably best known for the superb frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. One cannot help but think of the back-breaking task it was to paint this ceiling which absorbed nearly four years of the crucial years of his life. Other Italian artists active during his lifetime were Giotto, Botticello, Ucelli, Raphael, Tintoretto and Titian.

All of the museums we visited merited a longer visit. Because of the rush and push we can say we only hit the high spots. In Florence, the Pitti Palace and the Uffizi Gallery have wonderful large collections of Giotto, Lippi, Botticelli, Titian, Raphael, Rubens, and Murillo. The Botticelli room alone was worth the entire trip. Just imagine, "The Birth of Venus", "LaPrimavera", "The Madonna of

the Magnificat", and the "Angel of the Annunciation" all in one room with other Botticellis on the same walls. In the beautiful Franciscan church in the picturesque hill town of Assisi we enjoyed a great series of Giotto frescoes, depicting the life of St Francis and the life of Christ. These frescoes are as perfect as the day they were finished in the 13th century. The Bronze Kouros figures from Piraeus dating back to 500 BC in the National Museum in Athens and the famous little Jockey (2nd century BC) are perfect examples of the archaic Greek style. The immense Vatican Museum in Rome with great rooms of art treasures would take months to see well. There is so much that one is apt to overlook many things. What is impressive is the magnitude of Michaelangelo's work in the Sistine Chapel, the frescoes of Botticelli and the tapestries made from cartoons by Raphael. I had never realized that Raphael died at the age of 37. The amount and quality of his art is almost inconceivable from one so young.

We spent a great deal of time tramping through ruins and being lectured to about what they must have been centuries ago. These guides, usually school teachers, are amazing people, speaking as many as four languages fluently, have a vast knowledge of mythology, history and art. To make these great piles of tumbled rocks and fragments interesting at all is credit to their knowledge and ability to stimulate your imagination into reconstructing these ancient temples in your mind. The pillage and thieving that went on in the past has removed treasures that if returned to their rightful place would make these temples gorgeous to behold. The view of the Acropolis in Athens from Philippus Hill is most stunning from this distance and less trying on the muscles. Somehow, for me the most beautiful ruins was the Temple of Athens at Lindos on the island of Rhodes. Overlooking the sapphire blue lagoons, the jagged shore line and the white jewel-like city below, this climb of 142 steps (the count of a child behind me) was breathtaking. The ruins at Ephesus on Asia Minor was impressive because of the great area they covered. Excavation financed by a Ohio University has exposed 700 yards of a marble paved Roman

street with colonnades, temples, baths, arcaded shops and homes. One still has to assemble them in your imagination. At Delos, the Avenue of the Lions was about all that was left by the pillagers, worth seeing. In Rome the Colosseum is fantastic evidence of the powers of human effort in construction.

More impressive than the ruins are four great buildings which are intact. The great meeting hall on the top floor of the Doge's Palace in Venice with its immense unsupported ceiling staggers the imagination. The room is 185 x 85 x 40 feet in size. The Mosque of Sultan Ahmmed (Blue Mosque) whose series of great domed ceilings are poised on four gigantic pillars is as exquisite as fine lace work. The opening in the rotunda to the blue sky of the magnificent Pantheon in Rome also seems to be an architectural miracle. The size of St Peters dwarfs all other churches and yet still retains impeccable taste and beauty. But then, why not, with such contributors in talent as Michaelangelo, Raphael and the lesser known Bernini who was responsible for a great share of it. When one considers these miracles of architecture in the past, one is not impressed with present day efforts.

Having "shifted our position" many times during these 28 days, we have "bounced back" to the barre at 185, refreshed mentally, if not physically. E. V. Lucas wrote - "I hold that it is the duty of a man to see other lands but love his own". One does not have to hunt to find things we can love about our own homeland. One thing, for certain, the entire world seems to have in common now, is filthy air, too many automobiles, aggressive commercialism and bad manners. The cost of living, especially food, is infinitely higher here than in Europe. I enjoyed in Europe, the lack of radio programs, TV, and canned music in every restaurant, elevator, store, bus and train. American tourists that we came into contact with were the mildest and the best mannered - the French the most impossible.

ON SEEING

A wise man sees as much as he ought,
not as much as he can. - Montaigne

A fool sees not the same tree that a
wise man sees. - Wm. Balke

The art of seeing nature is a thing
almost as much to be acquired as
the art of reading the Egyptian
hieroglyphics. - John Constable

We shall see but a little way if we
require to understand what we
see. - Thoreau

First of all a man must see before
he can say. - Thoreau

A man has not seen a thing who has
not felt it. - Thoreau

People don't use their eyes. They
never see a bird, they see a
sparrow. They never see a tree,
they see a birch. They see con-
cepts. - Joyce Cary

Self-respecting people do not care to
peep at their reflections in un-
expected mirrors, or to see them-
selves as others see them. -

Logan Pearsall Smith

Enveloped in a common mist, we seem
to walk in clearness ourselves,
and behold only the mist that
enshrouds others. - George Eliot